

# What To Do When Your Boss's Boss is Sexy

by kolachess

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Summary: Everyone at the Yokohama Police Department knew that their superintendent, who's young, attractive and supposedly single, is off limits to anyone who isn't a redhead with a Sonic Minimum and works as a free-lancing (unemployed) detective. Unfortunately, no one passed that memo onto the newbie. One-sided OC/Art.  
Nice/Art.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** Uh...yeah. So I'm kinda on a writing spree...AND I'M UNSTOPPABLE! Hehehe. No but seriously. I haven't been able to stop writing. Maybe it's because of the lack of fics in Hamatora, or my desperate need to shower Art with more love. I'm not sure. But this one actually isn't a one-shot, though it was originally intended to be one.

But it's a little different, a little silly, and there will be three chapters, one from each character's point of view, alternating down the timeline. So this actually is a WIP, but I imagine I'll finish it pretty soon. Only, I'll be away for the weekend so... :3 might not actually post till Sunday or next week. I know, I'm evil. I contemplated waiting, but I kinda sorta wanted to share what I had so far with all of you too so...here you go.

Not as much Art in this chapter, and no Nice. Buuut, there will be soon.

Hope you enjoy. I'll subtly encourage you all to leave reviews and love \*cough cough\* Again, unbetaed.

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><p><strong>~\*~ What To Do When Your Boss's Boss is Sexy  
~\*~</strong>

"Aaandâ€|when you're done with everything at the end of the day, remember to lock up if you're the last one out," Gasquet, Senior Police Officer at the Yokohama Police Department, finished explaining to the newest addition to their team. He cracked a grin and scratched his chin, leaning back against one of the file cabinets. "Any questions, newbie?" he asked.

Their newest recruit, Kitazawa Seiji, a young, fresh-out-of-the-academy man in his early twenties, shot the senior officer a smile. "Nope. Sounds good so far. It'll take some time getting used to everything here, butâ€|so far so good. Should I do anything else before I leave?" he offered, to which Gasquet shook his head.

"Nah. You're good to go, kid. Be at the office tomorrow at 7:30 sharp. Other than that, go home and celebrate with your girlfriend on your new job!" He grinned knowingly and patted the guy on the back.

Kitazawa let out a laugh. "Actually, I don't have a girlfriend as of the moment. If you know any cute young policewoman in the department, feel free to send her my way though," he joked, winking at the older man.

Gasquet let out a loud guffaw. "Ahh I like ya, kid. God knows the people here could let loose a littleâ€|Japanese people can be so uptight sometimes," he sighed, an image of one particular superintendent coming to mind.

The younger man smiled. "I've been told I'm too friendly and casual many times. Glad to see someone who sees things the way I do."

"You got it, kid. Now scram," Gasquet commanded jokingly.

Kitazawa shot him one last grin before giving him a salute and leaving.

As he exited the building that housed the Yokohama Police Department and made his way over to the mouth of the underground streets, however, the most beautiful human being he had ever laid eyes upon swept past his vision. He had just managed to step onto the down escalator when a man with silky pale-violet hair that perfectly framed his angular yet soft features and creamy skin stepped past him going up.

For a second, he contemplated running after the man, but the thought was soon cut off when an elderly woman got onto the escalator behind him.

"\_Who was he? I wonder if he's a modelâ€|"\_ the new officer thought a little mind-numbingly. He almost tripped when the escalator reached the bottom, if it weren't for the little old lady behind him telling him to be careful.

That night, he dreamed of a field of violets and a beautiful bright

smile.

Xxx

The next morning, he made it to the office at 7:15 sharp. Despite his carefree and friendly demeanor, Kitazawa was a very punctual and organized person. He arrived at the office with a steaming cup of cappuccino in hand, flashed the receptionist his badge and a smile and made his way over to his new desk.

"New here?" a voice piped up behind him after he sat down in his seat. He turned around and saw a middle-aged woman smile from her cubicle behind his.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm Kitazawa. Please lend me your guidance, senpai" he introduced and bowed in his seat.

"Pleasure to meet you, Kitazawa-kun. I'm Fuji Sachiko. I'm one of the officers on duty. Please feel free to reach out to me for help anytime, ok?" she encouraged.

"Ah, thank you, Fuji-senpai. I'm looking forward to working here." Suddenly, he remembered something important, and asked, "Umâ€|actually, where is Senior Officer Gasquet's office? I actually need to give him somethingâ€|"

Fuji smiled. "Of course! I can show you there. I've got a bit of time," she said just as she was standing up. Kitazawa thanked her for her troubles and followed when she gestured for him to follow.

"I thought the Senior Officer would have given you a better tour than that," she commented on the way over when Kitazawa told her about the quick walk-through he had yesterday.

"Ah, well, the office was closing down when I arrived, soâ€|"

"This is a police department, Kitazawa-kun. It never closes down, especially not with our dear Superintendent on the watch. Honestly, sometimes it seems like that man works more house than all of us combined," she tutted while shaking her head.

A curious expression fell over the young man. "Superintendent? What kind of man is he? I haven't seen him around."

"That's probably because he fell asleep in his office again. I think he pulled another all-nighter," she explained as they came to a stop in front of a door labeled, 'Yokohama Police Department | Senior Police Chief | Gasquet Andre'. She sighed, "Sometimes I worry for that boy and I really have to hold off the temptation to scold him. Motherly instincts and all, you know," she shrugged, shooting Kitazawa a 'you-know-what-I-mean' look, even though he didn't know what she meant at all. "You'll probably see him around soon. He's pretty hard to miss. Not many people haveâ€|"

"Ah, Fuji-kun, Kitazawa-kun," Gasquet greeted upon yanking open his door. He grinned at the pair. "I thought I had guests. What's the problem?" he asked while making his way back to his desk.

Fuji smiled. "I'm just dropping Kitazawa-kun here off. He didn't know where your office was located. Honestly, that should be the first

thing you tell newbies, sir."

Gasquet scratched his head lazily. "Ah, oops. Thanks, doll. Will do in the future."

Fuji nodded and turned to Kitazawa. "Well, I'll leave you here, yes? You can find your way back to your desk?"

"Yes, I imagine I'll be fine. Thank you, senpai," he thanked, bowing lightly again and watched Fuji leave before closing the office door.

"So what brings ya in here on the first day, kid?" he asked while leafing through some paperwork.

"You asked me to bring a copy of my driver's license? I have the card on me now. I don't have a scanner at home, so I was wondering ifâ€¦" he trailed off, the implication understood.

Gasquet nodded. "Ah yeah. Bring it here."

Kitazawa dutifully pulled out his card and gave it to the older man, who took it and stuck it on the machine to his left. As the scanner whirled on and started making sounds, Gasquet turned to Kitazawa and asked, "So how's the first day going? Got enough rest last night? Dreamt of catching your first criminal yet?" He smirked.

The younger man looked thoughtful. "Actuallyâ€¦I saw the most gorgeous person on my way home yesterday, so that's what I dreamt of last night," he accounted carefully.

Gasquet's brows rose in interest. "Oh?" he asked, then split into a grin. "And did you say hi to this lovely lady?"

Kitazawa hummed in acknowledgement of the question, not really bothering to correct the other's assumptions. "Unfortunately, no. It was right as I left the office, really. This person had the most unique shade of hair color. It was a soft shade of lilacâ€¦"

Gasquet started laughing. "Boy, you sure know how to wax poetics. Keep it up and you'll have one of the female cops on you in no time," he teased. "'Soft shade of lilac' indeed," he echoed, testing the wording in his mouth.

Kitazawa wanted to pout, but figured that would be rather unbecoming. He opened his mouth to speak, but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Enter," the older man beckoned, and the door opened to reveal a tired-looking young man with pale-violet hairâ€¦"

Kitazawa gaped. It was the man from yesterday! Holy shitâ€¦of all the possibilities, for the person in his dreams to actually be a member of the police force? He had to avert his gaze and keep a grin from spreading across his face. Score!

The man in question did not appear to notice Kitazawa's presence, and walked up to Gasquet's desk and laid down a stack of papers. "Here are all the witness testimonies for the Amanori case. There are twelve in total, but I've sent Jin to fetch the thirteenth," he said,

words slurring together slightly.

Gasquet sighed and took the papers. "Art, go sleep. You do know this is the work usually left up to the junior members, right?" he questioned with a raise of a brow. Art looked like he was about to argue, but the older man cut him off. "Oi newbie, this is good starting work for you. Take these papers as well as those in Art's hands and do whatever the sticky notes on top of them say to do," he ordered.

Kitazawa snapped to attention and stepped forward almost a little too eagerly, relishing the moment the mysterious man noticed him for the first time. He did his best to resist looking in the other's direction until he had first received the papers from Gasquet's desk.

Art looked surprised, and an apologetic smile made its way to his face. "I'm sorry. I did not realize you had company. I'm Art. You must be a new member then, I take it?" he politely inquired.

Kitazawa was so transfixed by that sweet smile, he nearly forgot to respond. "Yes! Kitazawa Seiji. Pleasure to work with you," he said while bowing a little over eagerly.

"Pleasure is mine, Kitazawa-kun," the beautiful man said with the most melodious voice.

"Why don't you hand those papers in your hands over to Kitazawa now, Art?" Gasquet suggested none too lightly.

Art frowned. "I don't think a new member would understand what to do with theseâ€"

"Oh honestly, Art. You write enough details on your sticky notes, a grade schooler can follow them and figure out what to do. He'll be fine. Now go sleep. Before Nice-kun kills me," he grumbled the last part.

The young superintendent looked like he wanted to argue some more and probably completely missed the last part, but his shoulders finally dropped and he sighed. He reluctantly handed the papers over to Kitazawa, who added them to the top of his stack. "Alright. If you have any questions, Kitazawa-kunâ€"

"â€"he can come ask me," Gasquet gruffly for him. "I mean it, Artâ€|\_sleep\_."

Art rolled his eyes. "Yes \_mother\_."

Gasquet held up two hands in mock surrender. "Just lookin' out for ya, Art. Plus, I \_really\_ don't want my ass kicked by Nice-kun."

A spot of color made its way to Art's cheeks. "Nice wouldn'tâ€|and you really shouldn't use such crude language in front of a junior member," he reprimanded lightly, successfully diverting attention away from the jibe.

Gasquet shrugged. "And normally people would be worried about the language they use towards a senior member. Ah, hell."

Art smiled and said to Kitazawa, "Well, thank you. I'll leave it to you then."

Kitazawa was sure he made some noise of acknowledgment before the other man left. At least, he'd hoped he did.

After standing there for a couple of seconds, he whipped his head around to face Gasquet. "Who was that?" He jerked a thumb towards the door.

Gasquet raised a brow, momentarily taken aback by the question. "Who wasâ€" Then he let out a laugh. "You didn't know who that was? Oh geez, I thought you knewâ€"everyone\_ who comes in, new or not, seems to already know Art. He's a bit of a legend, in a manner of speaking. I'm surprised you didn't know him beforehandâ€"he's pretty distinguishable in terms of appearances too. I mean, lilac-colored hair and allâ€" "

Suddenly, Gasquet froze. He looked at Kitazawa curiously, before a gleeful expression crept over his features. Kitazawa squirmed slightly under the scrutiny, a feeling of discomfort curling in his stomach.

"\_Oh shit, he knowsâ€"\_" he thought despairingly, sweat drop forming on his head.

The maniacal grin on his Senior Officer's face was \_really\_ beginning to look creepy.

"\_You\_ have a little crush on our dearest Superintendent!" he exclaimed through a whisperâ€"thank goodness, and proceeded to cackle gleefully.

Kitazawa \_really\_ wanted to roll his eyes at the immaturity being displayed by his superior, butâ€"

â€"wait, what?

\_Superintendent?\_

\_~To be continued\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>End notes:<strong> Hope it was fun. Remember, reviews are veeeery encouraging... :D

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Author's Notes\*\***: Hey all! Sorry for the long wait! I was away for the weekend for a conference, and then school got in the way, and...yeah. But it's ok the second chapter is here! Needless to say, Episode 8 disappointed me in a way, but only because my poor Art is still dead. T\_T Oh well. I have Nice's reaction to look forward to. And this fic. Here, Art is VERY MUCH alive!

Thank you all for your wonderful reviews and support. I do hope you'll all enjoy this chapter too. Again, this hasn't been betaed (or

even reviewed thoroughly yet, as I will be doing revisions later). So let me know of any mistakes.

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><p><strong>~~ What To Do When Your Boss's Boss is Sexy  
~~<strong>

~ Chapter 2 ~

Art sighed for the umpteenth time that day and buried his face in his hands. He glanced down disappointedly at his empty mug of coffee. And to think, the day had started off relatively well.

He had spent the night in his office again, having come in the day before when the day shift officers were leaving. Despite having done that, he felt pretty good about the fruits of his efforts this morning, having rounded up all the necessary paperwork.

After dropping off the documents in Gasquet's officeâ€”and he vaguely remembers meeting their newest memberâ€”Kitagawa? Kitazawaâ€”and being told off by Gasquet to get some sleep, he returned to his office with the intention of napping.

Surprisingly, he did.

He took a short nap on the couch in the back. The ancient, worn and comfortable rusty-colored sofa was something his predecessor had acquired and left behind, and quite frankly it was probably the most useful. Art's sure he's spent more time on that couch than on his actual bed at home.

He was able to get some shut-eye for an hour or so before all hell broke loose.

Alright, so not quite. But the case took a turn for worse, and the amount of legal obstacles that managed to unearth itself was presented in the form of frantic knocks at his door. Art shook off the lethargy and transitioned quickly into work-mode and started on the paperwork and phone calls.

And that was the past five hours.

Not the first time and certainly not the last, Art decided he really hated the judicial system sometimes. Hence another sigh. He should probably get more coffee.

And a break.

With that thought in mind, he pushed himself away from his desk and walked out the door. He made his way over to the coffee machine, scanning the buzzing workspace idly, smiling at the officers who gave him a sympathetic look or made a sympathetic comment.

And of course the coffee pot was empty when he reached it. He filled the machine with water and pressed against the buttons on the machine

somewhat heavily, closing his eyes again in a meager attempt to rest them just a bit.

"Long day, huh?" someone asked from beside him. Art looked up to see a familiar blond male.

Smiling tiredly, he greeted, "Yes, it certainly has beenâ€|Kitazawa, was it?" He turned and leant against the counter on his hip. The coffee was going to take a while to brew. Might as well take a moment to chat.

Kitazawa bowed. "Sir," he started, "sorry I didn't know who you were this morning." He looked up apologetically, scratching the side of his head.

Art blinked and didn't quite manage to stifle a laugh. "Well that's quite refreshing. I don't get that very often. Normally I'll have people either avoid me like the plague out of fear of authority or come up to me completely awe-struck because of my reputation. It's nice to talk to a new member who doesn't fall into either of those categories," he admitted with a raise of his brows.

Kitazawa inhaled sharply and said, "Well that's just terribly unfair of them! You're such a nice and hard-working personâ€|who cares about reputation!"

Art just smiled at him sadly. "A lot of people actually. Reputations are very important. How do you think we find prime suspects in an investigation, Kitazawa-kun?"

Kitazawa frowned for a second, then gradually deflated. "We find people with the right motive. And if someone happens to have a bad reputation that falls in line with suggesting their partaking in the crimeâ€|"

The superintendent nodded encouragingly. "â€|then chances are they did. Of course, you'll occasionally get the plot twist where it turns out they \_aren't\_. But police work isn't a detective drama, Kitazawa-kun. Most of our cases are rather mundane. It's the un-mundane ones you ought to watch out for. And when those come along, you'll wish you were back with the mundane cases again," he explained, eyes looking lost a little towards the end. "\_Don't think about the Moral caseâ€|\_" his mind told him.

Kitazawa wanted to say something, but other man snapped his focus back to the new member and said with a gentle expression, "And please, it's Art. You'll notice none of my officers really call me by title. So, Kitazawa-kun, how were the processing of the testimonials?" He recalled handing the stack of paperwork off to the other this morning.

Kitazawa's face brightened like a light bulb. "Of course, Art-san. And yes, Senior Officer Gasquet was right. Your sticky notes were very detailed. I entered them into the system and sent them off to the archive room afterwards."

Art nodded thoughtfully. He glanced down at the coffee pot, noticing it had finished brewing. He pulled out the pot and proceeded to pour some into his mug. "And how is your first day, Kitazawa-kun?" He offered the pot up to the other man in a questioning gesture, to



which the latter shook his head.

"It's been good so far! And please, call me Seiji, Art-san. I'm really liking it here so far. I expected the atmosphere of a police station to be traditional and rigid, but everyone I've met so far is actually really laid-back, open and nice. You especially, Art-san."

Kitazawa beamed with so much admiration lighting up his face, Art was momentarily taken aback. For the second time within five minutes, Art broke into light chuckles. "Me? Laid-back? I can't say I've ever heard that used to describe me. Don't tell Gasquet-san you said that, or I'm sure he will tease you endlessly." He winked at the younger man.

For some reason, the other male began to blush rather furiously. Art attributed it to the vision of a relentless maniacal Gasquet, which could be quite terrifying. "It'sâ€¦I meanâ€¦" he attempted to explain, the words failing to properly form on his mouth. He was cut off by Art's hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you, Seiji-kun. I really needed that. It's been a while since I've had such a relaxed conversation with a member of my force. I'm glad you joined us."

Kitazawa looked dumbstruck. But a couple of blinks later, he smiled abashedly. "I'm glad I chose here to work here too. And thank you for having me."

Art nodded. Shooting a glance at his watch, he pursed his lips. "Well, it looks like I should be getting back to my work. It was a pleasure speaking to you, Seiji-kun. Don't hesitate to ask for help. Be it your co-workers or myself."

"Got it, Art-san," the other man affirmed.

His superior smiled at his quick response. "I'll see you later, Seiji-kun." And with his mug in hand, he started walking back towards his office.

"How about this afternoon?" Kitazawa blurted out before his mind really processed what he was thinking. He was keenly aware of how part of the officeâ€¦the cubicles nearbyâ€¦seemed to have fallen quiet at his outburst. He could feel his cheeks flaming up just slightly as he willed his co-workersâ€¦and maybe his superiorâ€¦to just disregard the fact that he might be kind of sort of asking the other man out on a date.

Oh shit. His superior. Art-san.

Art stood there for a moment before asking in confusion, "What \_about\_ this afternoon?"

Kitazawa swallowed heavily. He closed the distance between them slightly so he wasn't shouting and attracting more attention. "Umâ€¦I'll see you laterâ€¦maybe this afternoon? You seem pretty cool and there's probably a lot I can learn from you. We could chat for a bit over coffee or something. Or juice! Since you probably shouldn't be pumping more caffeine into your systemâ€¦yeahâ€¦" he trailed off uncertainly. He internally winced at having called his superior

'cool'. And sort of implying the latter couldn't watch his caffeine uptake.

But the lilac-haired man didn't seem to take any offense, and instead wore an amused expression. Thinking the other really wanted a friend and mentor and deciding it couldn't hurt to help out his newest member, Art smiled and agreed, "Of course. I have a good place in mind." If he heard the chorus of coughs emitting from the cubicles nearby, he gave no indication of it. "I'll see you at 6:00, then?"

Kitazawa gaped. But he wasn't so entirely gone that he didn't choke out a response of, "Yeah! I mean, yes. That works. See you later, Art-san!"

With that, Art shot him one last smile before turning around the corner and out of sight.

Kitazawa stood there for a few moments more, still trying to process everything that happened. "\_I just asked the superintendent of my department out on a coffee/juice date!"

Wow. Did that really just happen?

A grin worked its way up across his face. "\_Score!"

\* \* \*

><p>When he made his way back to his desk, there was a kilowatt smile on his face that he just could not dim in the slightest. The blond man had to physically restrain himself from humming, dancing, whistling, or doing anything that screamed 'I'm so fucking jovial I'm about to start singing and dancing Broadway'.<p>

His bubble of excitement was slightly deflated when someone from the cubicle next to his leaned over and said, "Um!"

Looking up, he saw a raven-haired male about his age. "Aida-san? Is there something the matter?"

Aida, who had joined a month prior to Kitazawa, squinted at the latter, thinking hard about something. "Did you just" with Art-san" he started, not really knowing how to finish the question.

Kitazawa blushed furiously. He cleared his throat. "Uh! I may have asked him on a date, yup." Suddenly, something occurred to him. Frowning, he looked at his neighbor hard in the eyes. "You don't have a problem with you know us being.., do you?" Although homophobia was no longer as prevalent as it was a couple of decades back and homosexuality was pretty open now, it still wasn't strange to find the few individuals uncomfortable with the idea.

Aida's eyes widened. "About you two being males? Oh goodness no. That'd be hypocritical. But"

"then the fact that he's our superior? I do admit that's kind of bad but hey he's not directly in charge of us, so!" Kitazawa had a contemplative expression, having bulldozed over Aida's own response

once he heard the denial.

"â€|actually, it's more likeâ€|"

"Ah, Kitazawa-kun? Do you have a stapler I can borrow?" Fuji Sachiko interrupted their conversation with a pleading look. "Or Aida-kun."

"Oh sure! Here you go, Fuji-senpai." Kitazawa grinned while offering her his stapler.

"Thank you, dear. Sorry for interrupting!" She shot the two of them an apologetic smile.

"Anytime! Nowâ€|what were you saying?" Kitazawa asked curiously.

Aida blinked. It took him a moment to remember what they were talking about. When he finally did and opened his mouth to speakâ€|

"Aida! Do you have a moment? I was wondering if you could sign off on theseâ€|"

Oh well.

\* \* \*

><p>"I heard that you've been spending some quality times with our resident newbie," said someone from behind him. Art looked up to find Gasquet with a knowing grin on his face.<p>

Art raised a brow. "I haveâ€|and? Seiji-kun is quite a bright boy. He's fun and relaxing to talk to, as well as a hard-working officer," he stated simply, turning his attention back to the email he was currently composing.

Gasquet scratched his chin. "Seiji-kun, huhâ€|first name basis. You do realize that he's actually just two years younger than you, right? Not exactly 'boy' material anymore. And be careful. I don't think Nice-kun would want to hear that coming from you."

Art rolled his eyes. "I don't know why you have been so caught up on what Nice would or wouldn't want or do recently. And somehow, I get the feeling there's more to you asking me about spending time with new members of the force than I currently realize. Should I be worried?" he inquired flippantly as his fingers clattered away on the keyboard.

The Yokohama Senior Police Chief blinked at the Superintendent. "\_Does he really not realizeâ€|?\_" Then a low chuckle resounded from his throat. "Oh, Artâ€|you may have graduated top of your class at Facultas and be the most effective detective I know, but you still manage to astound me with your ignorance and innocence sometimesâ€|"

This managed to grab Art's attention. The typing stopped, and Art turned around in his chair with a brow raised curiously. "Ignorance? Innocence? Me? How so? I do admit there are matters of which I am ignorant of, but innocence? I have seen my share of death and human cruelty, Gasquet-san."

If possible, the grin on the Senior Officer's face only spread wider. He stared at his superior for a couple of seconds before patting Art's head affectionately. "You're alright, kid. You're alright." He then moved to leave.

Art blinked. "Gasquet-san?"

Gasquet half-looked over his shoulder and scratched his head lazily. "Don' worry about it much. It's a good thing. Hilarious, but good. Stay that way, kid. Or not, once Nice-kun actually manages to get his balls together" And then he left cackling.

Art frowned, staring, annoyed, at the retreating figure of his Senior Officer. When he finally returned his attention back to the task at hand, he found he couldn't quite focus at the words on his screen.

Leaning back in his chair and folding his arms, Art thought about the past two weeks and the few outings he had with Kitazawa Seiji. Their newest member was a bright-eyed, eager, optimistic, relaxed but dedicated and hardworking addition to the team. Art found himself with a healthy dose of respect for the younger man.

They had grabbed coffee or dinner together a few times after work, and Art found that conversation with Kitazawa came easy and was fun. It was certainly enjoyable spending time with the other.

His thoughts were cut off as his phone started beeping. Checking the screen for the caller, Art picked up the phone on the second ring. "Nice?"

"

Art leaned back further in his chair, a relaxed smile playing on his face. "Hmm, nothing much really. I'm currently at the office. Why?"

"

Art rolled his eyes. "what do you mean why am I still at the office? Why is that surprising? Aren't I always? Unlike some people, I have a formal eight-to-five job."

"

"I'm teasing, Nice," he placated the other lightly.

"

"It's what? 6:15? But it's only" He glanced down at his watch, which he could have sworn said 4:30 just thirty minutes ago now unmistakably had the hour dial between six and seven and minute hand on a quarter past. He sighed. "\_So that's why Gasquet-san dropped by earlierI thought it was strange he got back an hour early.\_"

"

"I guess I can wrap up soon. Did you have some place in mind?" he

asked as he started organizing some of his papers.

"â€| "

"â€|I resent that comment."

"â€| "

"That was \_once\_, Nice. And that was only because an emergency popped up right after I got off the phone with you. I do \_not\_ always get distractedâ€""

"â€| "

"Oh. Sukiyaki? That sounds good. When and where? Should I meet you there directly?" His stomach rumbled at the thought of food. Lunch was such a distant memory nowâ€|

"â€| "

"Alright. I'll meet you at Shinagawa Station. Yes, I'm \_actually\_ getting my stuff together now. I just have to finish up one emailâ€"\_Nice\_, I mean it. Okâ€"what do you mean am I alone? Of course I am. Who else would be here with me?"

"â€| "

"Alright. I'll see you soon."

He pressed the 'end-call' button and stared at the screen with a puzzled expression.

"\_What was that about?\_" he wondered, thinking about the strange way Nice was acting. But he shrugged it off. Flexing his fingers, he said aloud, "Now let's see about finishing this emailâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p>"Is Art joining us?" Murasaki asked with a yawn, pulling up a seat at the bar.<p>

Nice leaned over on his elbows from his seat at the counter. He stared at the now blank screen on his phone. "Hm," he replied noncommittally.

"Something the matter?" the other prompted, propping up his head against his arm.

".hmmâ€| " For a moment, Nice looked like he wasn't going to say anything else, just wearing a bland expression. But then out of nowhere he dropped his head down onto the table. "I think Art is cheating on meâ€| " he whined into the table, voice muffled slightly.

"What theâ€"" Murasaki recoiled slightly from the abrupt statement. "Niceâ€|you two aren't even dating," he pointed out with warily.

Nice gave him a pathetic look. "And now we never will! All thanks to this bastardâ€| "

Murasaki's eye twitched. "Your logic is nonexistent."

"How can you be so unsupportive of your partner in his time of need," Nice accused, hurtful.

"It's not Art's fault that you can't work up the courage to ask him out properly," the bartender of Café Nowhere interrupted, setting two glasses of water down in front of the pair.

"Master!" Nice and Murasaki chorused in greeting.

"Why do I have to be the one to ask?" Nice whined pitifully.

The bar-master shrugged. "Do you see Art actively seeking a relationship with anything other than his work in the next five years?"

Nice wilted, defeated. "No!"

"Well then. Looks like you better hop to it, Nice," the older man encouraged while wiping down a set of dishware.

Nice sighed. "I know! Should I bring flowers?"

Murasaki stared at Nice with incredulity. "Does Art like flowers?" he prompted, knowing full well the answer to that question.

Nice pouted. "No!"

"Then no, dumbass! Geez! No wonder this Kitazawa Seiji has an arm and a leg up on you. You don't pay attention to people's likes and dislikes!" Murasaki groaned in exasperation, smacking his partner with a nearby magazine.

"Hey! Ow! That's not fair! I know Hajime-chan really likes steak and...wait, Kitazawa Seiji?" Suddenly he stared at Murasaki dead-on, all antics dropped. "So that's his name, huh?"

Murasaki watched his partner warily. "Nice!"

"Hmm?" Nice replied, having turned his attention elsewhere and pretending to be nonchalant but secretly preoccupied with one-hundred and forty ways he can utilize his Minimum to kick Kitazawa Seiji's

Murasaki sighed. "Just don't kill him, yeah?"

"Hmm! So what else can you tell me about this Kitazawa Seiji?"

~To be continued~

\* \* \*

><p><strong>End Notes<strong>: Well...hope that turned out alright. Could you guess what Nice was saying on the phone? XD But yeah. I'm still working on Nice's character. He's not as easy to get down as it was with Art. Not sure why.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Author's Note:\*\*** HOLY SHIT ART IS ALIVE! I meanâ€|there's no reason to keep a body on a bed, right? And who else do we know with shoulder-length pale-violet hair? Not his dead brother right? And then the Nice-Moral confrontationâ€|GAAAH. Ok. The season finale better be good. We better see Art. Being a BAMF, and Nice, totally apologizing to Art because he still owes him one!

Also, sorry this took so long. Uhâ€|I wasn't quite sure how to spin itâ€|wasn't super satisfied. But here it is now. At a monstrous 5000 words long. O.o. There's probably mistakes abound. Let me know. Otherwise, thanks for having read this work! Hopefully you'll all enjoy the last installment.

I'd actually considered splitting this up, butâ€|didn't.  
:)

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** Standard disclaimer applies.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>~\*~ What To Do When Your Boss's Boss is Sexy  
~\*~<strong>

~ Chapter 3 ~

They had a client come in the hour before. It was a young girlâ€|teenager, about fifteen or sixteenâ€|who'd come in asking them to find out what her best friend has been hiding the past couple of months. She suspected that her friend had gotten in with the wrong crowd, but when asked if she'd talked to said friend about the question, there was a quiet response of 'no'.

Nice really wanted to bang his head against the table for the number of cases that turn up revolving around basic lack of communication as their source.

He also wanted to bang his head against the table for other reasons, but that's all irrelevant.

Or too late, as he already was banging his head against the table. Although, it was more like a defeated 'thunk' resonating from the impact of his forehead hitting against the marble top counter of the bar.

"What's eatin' you?" Birthday dropped into an empty stool beside Nice, slurping loudly on a strawberry-banana smoothie.

"Hmngmd," came the muffled voice against the counter.

Birthday cocked a brow up at the immobile figure. "Ha?"

"Hegoman," came a slightly clearer, but still mostly incoherent, response.

Birthday sighed and rolled his eyes. "Ya knowâ€|you have this real bad habit of dunking your head against the counter when things go south between you and Art. Did things go south between you and Art?" he asked as bored as he could manage to sound. Because really, he

wasn't at all secretly gleeful whenever Nice looked like a kicked puppy because the latter had done something to piss Art offâ€”really, he was \_so\_ much more mature than that. Uh huh. And he wasn't at all having a blast watching the normally suave Sonic minimum holder lose his cool around this new guy making a move on Art. Nope. It wasn't currently sitting at the top of his entertainment list.

"He got madâ€”" the redhead was able to sniff out briefly during the second he lifted his head before letting it bang against the table once more.

"Uh huh," Birthday agreed, nodding understandingly. "I saw. Ran into Honey. She showed me the live-feed. Orâ€”at-the-time future-feed. It was great. Manâ€”you sure know how toâ€”"

"Birthday," Ratio warned from his seat at a table across the room. It was Birthday's turn to look like a kicked puppy as he pouted.

The orange-haired man settled for patting Nice's shoulder mock-sympathetically and sighed. "I'd help you out, dude, but my charming expertise lies in the ladies' department. And speaking of which, I've got myself a wonderful date with one of themâ€”about now. See ya!" he finished quickly as he finished off his smoothie, grabbed his jacket and made a beeline for the door to escape the glare of disapproval radiating from Ratio's direction.

Ratio sighed and closed his eyes.

The door opened again and Birthday poked his head in. "Oh and one piece of advice for yaâ€”if ya wanna win someone over, it's \_really\_ not a good idea to go sabotaging the crime scene said person is in charge of and knocking out the conflicting party said person is on good terms with," he said before winking to the still slumped form of Nice across the cafÃ©, retracting his head and leaving, his departing voice saying something like, "Ahâ€”Reika-chan, sorry to keep you waiting!"

Ratio watched the entire proceedings with an uninterested expression. He was about to take another sip from his coffee when Hajime's quiet voiceâ€”which was a rarityâ€”interrupted the silent bar. "Here," she offered quietly, poking a cookie at Nice's cheeks.

Nice languidly rose his head, looked at the offering and sighed dejectedly.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'm so sorry that happened. I don't know what's gotten into Nice lately. He's not usually soâ€”" Art trailed off with a gesture, lines of frustration evident in his brows and a look of bafflement crossing his features.<p>

"â€”so hazardous to other people's health?" Kitazawa suggested with a broad grin. When Art looked even more at a loss and even somewhat pained, however, the blonde quickly amended, "I'm kidding, Art-san! It was totally an accident. He couldn't have known I was allergic to baking sodaâ€”honestly it was just bad luck." His grin turned sheepish as he tried to lighten the mood.

Art gave another sigh and shook his head. "He's not usually



soâ€|careless. And normally, he has a tendency to stay at the back and observe before acting," Art explained, and thought back to the events earlier.

\_There had been a break-in at an apartment and Art and his team had arrived to find a woman in her late forties to fifties dead on the kitchen floor with a strong blow to the head.\_

\_Among the police at the scene were their newest member, Kitazawa Seiji and Art himself. Art had been in the middle of analyzing the kitchen when Nice showed up.\_

"\_Nice? What are youâ€|" Art started, but got cut off when the other shot him a grin and spoke.\_

"\_Art! I figured you could use some help. You seem pretty worn out recentlyâ€|"\_

"\_Actually, things have been greatâ€|" Art tried to explain, but Nice didn't seem to hear him at all.\_

"â€|\_and I figured you could definitely use my help. And ah, who is this? I've never seen you before. You're quite young," Nice asked Kitazawa, who blinked, momentarily frozen by the abrupt and unexpected turn of interest to him.\_

"\_Since when did you take an interest in my team membersâ€|" Art mumbled mostly to himself off to the side while Kitazawa snapped himself out of shock.\_

"\_Ah, Kitazawa Seiji. Pleasure to meet youâ€|?" He asked nervously, not quite liking the way the stranger was eyeing him.\_

"\_Nice to meet you, Seiji-kun. I'm Nice," the redhead grinned, though Kitazawa could have sworn there was a feral hint to it.\_

"\_Erâ€|that's good to know? Nice people areâ€|great?" Kitazawa responded uncertainly, wincing minutely under the tad-too-strong grip the other had in their handshake. The young officer was really not liking the hostile vibe he was getting hereâ€|\_

"\_Ah. Sorry," Nice apologized, not sounding terribly apologetic, while relinquishing the handshake. "That's my name. Nice."\_

\_Kitazawa blinked and opened his mouth dumbly. "Oh," he said simply. "Interesting name." He didn't really know what else to say. Shooting a furtive glance at his superior, he found that the latter watching 'Nice' with an unreadable expression. "Umâ€|" he began while turning his attention back to Niceâ€|"what was this guy doing here?â€|"and asked exactly what had just crossed his mind.\_

\_The civilianâ€|"or so he appeared to Kitazawa, dressed in jeans, casual shirt and vest with a pair of headphones hanging around his neckâ€|"hummed noncommittally in response. For a moment Kitazawa thought his question would go completely ignoredâ€|"what an eccentric guy?â€|"until the other finally spoke up, "I'm a private investigator. Sometimes when Art gets into a pinch, I help him out. We're best friends as well. We go way back, me and him. I've saved his ass a

time or twoâ€| " Kitazawa could have sworn there was an emphasis of sorts on the word 'ass', but he didn't have much time to think on that.\_

"\_Nice," Art cut in admonishingly. "As much as I have appreciated your help on other cases, this is not one of them. I don't know how in the world you found out about thisâ€|" Nice had the decency to look slightly uncomfortable at the not-so-subtle accusation, perpetuated by Art's hard glare. "â€"but this is currently a crime scene being investigate by the police. Civilians have no place here."\_

\_Nice scratched his chin, not quite meeting Art's gaze. "It always helps to have an outsider's perspectiveâ€|hey wait! What's that on the ground?" Nice quickly dashed into the kitchen area and knelt down next to the body. He swiped a finger against the floor by the body and held it up for closer inspection. \_

"\_Nice! You can't just go in and potentially contaminateâ€|" Art started on the other, ire beginning to seep into his nerves. \_

\_Nice narrowed his eyes, appearing to be in stern concentration. "Strangeâ€|what can this substance beâ€|" He then straight up and turned to the policeman closest to him, holding up his finger, which was coated in some white powdery substance. "Do you know what this suspicious substance is?" The policeman shook his head, which prompted him to turn to the next person he saw, who happened to be Kitazawa. "Do you know what this substance is, hmm? A good policeman should be able to sniff out illegal substancesâ€|" he asked while sticking his finger right under the other's nose.\_

\_Kitazawa unintentionally inhaled sharply at Nice's sudden action and coughed. He swallowed heavily. "Actually, we have dogs for that. And that's not a drug. That's sodium bicarbonate," he wheezed out faintly, backing away from Nice slowly. \_

\_Nice narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "Sodium bi-what? And how do you know that? Doesn't smell like anything to me," he added after a whiff of the powder.\_

\_The young officer, who seemed to be growing paler and whose breathing appeared to be growing more laborious, managed to wheeze out, "Baking soda. And I know because I'm allergic to it," before collapsing to the ground. \_

\_Nice was about to say something like 'oh shit', but before anything else could cross his mind or lips, he was already being pushed out by two of the police officers while Art rushed to his subordinate's side, shouting about antihistamines and frantically asking the latter questions about medical conditions.\_

Art sighed again at the recollection. "\_I should have kicked him out sooner," \_he thought irately, thinking now how it must reflect on him the way he let Nice roam on in like that. He always did have a tendency to give Nice more leeway, although this time he feels like it was probably too much. The other had called his mobile five or six times since the incident and left a couple or so voicemails, though Art didn't yet have the patience to check them.

"You're alright now?" Art asked with an expression of concern, which

caused Kitazawa's face to light up like a Christmas tree.

"Yup! No problems, Art-san. I'm all good. Really. Good as new. Uhâ€|your friend really is uhâ€|something," he finished lamely.

Art heavily fought the urge to bury his face in his hands.

\* \* \*

><p>"How was I supposed to know the guy was allergic to baking soda!" Nice whined pitifully at his partner, Hajime-chan and the bartender.<p>

"What kind of idiot would go around touching \_suspicious powdery white substances\_ and go around waving it for people to potentially \_inhale \_said\_ suspicious powdery white substance\_?" Murasaki groaned. "Actually, scratch that. What kind of idiot would eavesdrop on the police lines and arrive at a crime scene that he has no business at and proceed to \_contaminate the entire scene\_?"

"Here," Hajime offered another cookie to the down-trodden individual.

Nice stared at the cookie with a face of horror.

"This is a record-breaking low for you if Hajime-chan has offered you \_three\_ food items in one day," Koneko stated sympathetically.

Murasaki groaned again, slapping a hand to his forehead. "Though I do have to question Art's authority and ability to keep people in line nowâ€|"

"Hey, don't go bad-mouthing Art!" Nice shot up straight, glaring at his partner.

Murasaki rallied an equally hard glare back. "Well maybe you should have thought about that before waltzing in there! Do you honestly think other people, his men especially, won't think his authority's been undermined? You've definitely managed to humiliate Art. Great job, dumbass."

As the realization dawned on Nice, he wilted in his seat. "Art's gonna hate meâ€|" he gasped in horror.

"Too late, dumbass. He already does."

\* \* \*

><p>A few weeks passed with no exchange between Art and Nice. Art wanted to deny that he was avoiding the latterâ€|after all, the case did kind of dump itself on his desk. He <em>did<em> kind of get swallowed by work. He \_really needed\_ to spend one whole Saturday afternoon bored out of his mind, sitting at home, watching TV, not remembering what was on TV, maybe eating breakfast, lunch and dinnerâ€|by himselfâ€|

â€|Ok, so he was avoiding Nice.

Over the past couple of weeks, Nice had left an assortment of

voicemails and texts. It ranged from whiny, childish apologies to jokes to daily updatesâ€"Art really didn't need to know that Nice spent an hour on the toilet one day due to 'strange bowel movements' however.

He got flowers at one point. At first, when the massive arrangement of colorful tulips and daisies arrived at the police station, Art wanted to roll his eyes and tell the desk clerk to just toss it all out. After all, he wasn't a fan of flowers at all. Especially not after the whole Moral incident. Upon closer inspection, however, he realized that the smell radiating from the bouquet wasn't the floral kind.

It was an edible arrangement.

Art had a weak spot for sweet things.

Damn Nice for knowing.

He half contemplated calling Nice up after consuming a chocolate roseâ€|but then he got called in by the higher upsâ€"so much for being superintendentâ€"for questioning regarding the incident, and he was quickly reminded of how displeased he still was at a certain redhead.

A couple times, he found the other sitting outside the door to his apartment. But both times, he fervently ignored Nice and went inside, locking the door right after him, leaving a disappointed Nice standing at the door. Nice would stand there for about half an hour, glancing up every once in a while hopefully, before finally leaving.

Art knew because he'd checked through the peephole every five minutes or so. On quite a few occasions, he was extremely tempted to just yank open the door and forgive the other, but somehow it never happened.

Today, he was sitting at his office desk, tapping a pen against his cheek while scanning the file before him.

Or he was until the door slammed open.

He jerked his head up to seeâ€"Nice?" Art asked incredulously. He frowned. "What are youâ€"

Gasquet followed closely behind a frantic Nice. "Geezâ€|I told the kid it wasn't a good idea to see youâ€|but would he listen? Nope. Said somethin' about having to get you urgent news."

Art looked at Nice in confusion, momentarily forgetting all his anger. "What isâ€"

"You have to get rid of Kitazawa," Nice said seriously.

Art blinked. "Whatâ€|why, what did you find?" he inquired curiously and a little worriedly. He performed background checks on all his potential employeesâ€|

"Kitazawa." Nice stated, and folded his arms.

"What about him?" Art asked.

"Remember who else was a Kitazawa?" Nice prompted.

Art frowned. "I don'tâ€|"

"KitazawaYasuo. Remember him?" Nice encouraged. Art thought back a bit and recalled Kitazawa Yasuo to be the middle school teacher who was secretly behind the bullying of young children while outwardly pretending to be their savior.

"Yes, but I don't see howâ€""

"They're related. Therefore, Kitazawa Seiji must have it out for you. Therefore, you must fire him immediately." Nice said seriously, staring straight into Art's eyes.

"They're related? How do you know?"

"They have the same last name," Nice reasoned.

Art stared.

"Oh geez," Gasquet mumbled by the door.

Art shut his eyes and mentally counted to ten. "Niceâ€|if you're not out of my office by the time I finish coming up with a fitting threat, I will make you go through the Yokohama phonebook and write a personal letter of apology to each Kitazawa apologizing for \_accusing \_them of being related to a deluded sociopath."

By the time he finished speaking and opened his eyes, he saw an empty room save Gasquet standing by the door looking out with an impressed look. "Whewâ€|that minimum sure does have its benefits, doesn't it?"

\* \* \*

><p>"Here"<p>

"I don't want it."

"Wow, your day must have \_really\_ sucked if you scored another three on the Hajime-meter."

"Shut upâ€|"

"Hajime-chan, I'll take that for that lame-ass over there. Ahhhâ€"ow!"

"Idiot."

\* \* \*

><p>Kitazawa gulped. He inhaled deeply. And then exhaled. Inhaled again. Exhaled again. Inhaledâ€"oh fuck it, there's no way he was going to calm himself down enough. Staring down at the box of toffeeâ€"he knew the other man had a sweet tooth, especially for toffeeâ€"in his hands, the young officer thought to himself, '<em>Screw it, I just shouldn't think anymore,'<em> and proceeded to

yank open the door to Art's officeâ€”

â€”only to find the civilian from the other dayâ€”Nice-kun, he rememberedâ€”kneeling down in front of Art's desk, peeking sheepishly over the edge of the desk, with Art leaning back in his chair, arms folded and a look that suggested he was trying very hard to not look in the redhead's general direction.

Shit. Don't think anymore indeed. He forgot to fucking knock.

"Uhâ€¦" he said, not really knowing what else to say.

His supervisor looked startled by his sudden entrance, while Nice turned around and openly glared at him. He couldn't resist a flinch.

"Seiji-kun? Is something wrong?" Art spoke with a hint of concern, seemingly unaware of the fact that he had just rudely barged in and interruptedâ€”well, something.

Kitazawa stared. Then, noticing the way Nice's eyes seemed to wander from his face to the box in his hands, he quickly shoved it behind him. "Umâ€¦I'll come back later," he excused himself quickly and slammed the door shut.

'\_Well that was thoroughly embarrassingâ€¦'\_ He thought sullenly to himself. '\_But what was that guy doing there?\_'

\* \* \*

><p>'<em>Rooftop?<em>' Art thought as he read the text from Kitazawa before pocketing his phone. After an hour of a relentless Nice sitting in front of his office deskâ€”he was going to punish Gasquet for letting Nice in againâ€”and pouting like a kicked puppy, Art finally told him that, although he was still angry with him, and that the other owed him an assortment of favors, he would probably get over it soon enough. But before the other could let out a whelp of success, Art sternly told him off for visiting his office during peak hours. Had he completely forgotten how doing things like this was undermining Art's authority and could seriously land him in trouble? With that reprimand, Nice seemed to deflate a bit, murmured an apology and left, promising not to disturb Art again.

For a moment, he felt a twinge of guilt at being harsh on his friend, but before he could say anything, the other had already left. He let out a sigh of frustration and wondered how it all came to this.

He then spent the next ten minutes thinking. About Nice. And their friendship. About his own life and futureâ€”which he actually hadn't thought about inâ€¦well, years. Then all sorts of thoughts began to overcrowd him andâ€”that's when his phone alerted him to a text.

Quickly seizing the distraction offered, Art decided to meet up with Kitazawa. Which brought him to now.

As he opened the door to the rooftop and scanned the area for his subordinate's lean figure, he spotted the latter leaning against the railing near the far right corner.

"Seiji-kun?" he prompted as he walked closer.

Kitazawa turned around, a grin taking over his face when he saw who it was. "Art-san!" he called out happily. "Fancy seeing you out here," he said a little breathlessly.

Art quirked an eyebrow. "You're the one who called me out here," he pointed out, lips twitching in amusement.

"Ahhâ€¦yup that I did," the younger man admitted sheepishly. "Umâ€¦sorry about earlier, I didn't mean toâ€¦"

Art waved him off. "It's fine. He shouldn't have been around at that time anyways. Sorry you had to wait. What was it you wanted to talk about?" He massaged them back on topic with a smile.

Kitazawa inhaled. And exhaled. Andâ€¦oh dear god, he could feel the blush taking over his cheeks.

"Umâ€¦I just wanted to sayâ€¦that isâ€¦I know that you're my boss's boss and all. And you're a great boss's boss! Superintendent. Superintendent! Uhâ€¦yeah. And Senior Officer Gasquet as well. He's a great boss. You're a great supervisor," Kitazawa rambled, getting steadily more crimson.

Art shifted slightly, brows knitted in a sort of amused confusion. "Thank you, Seiji-kun. That means a lot to me," he encouraged.

"Uhâ€¦right. So butâ€¦that's not what I wanted to say. I mean, that's not all I wanted to say. Uhâ€¦what I wanted to say was thatâ€¦" He paused again to swallow. His eyes met Art's for a moment, but he couldn't quite hold the gaze with those mesmerizing pools of lilac. "I know you're my supervisor, but you're also really really cool. And I think we work well together. And like, hang out well together. And umâ€¦we've had some nice coffee breaks and stuffâ€¦so those kind of maybe countâ€¦butâ€¦I really like you, Art-san, and would love it if you maybe went on a date with me?" he rushed out the last part of the sentence, leaving him breathless and flustered and a little scared to look at the other's reaction.

Goodness, he was always so smooth with the ladiesâ€¦and on the occasion, men. But here, it was like God came in and just took away his ability to speak!

After what felt like years of agonizing moments, Kitazawa finally braced himself to look up and take in Art's reaction.

Art was staring at him in complete surprise.

"Art-san?" Kitazawa said weakly, pleading the other to say something in the back of his mind.

Finally, Art seemed to realize he was staring and managed to look embarrassed. And then, he smiled sympatheticallyâ€¦Kitazawa's heart dropped at this, and he visibly slumped. It was never good when you got a sympathetic smile from the person you're confessing to. "Seiji-kunâ€¦Iâ€¦can't say I expected this. But I guess I should have? I'm sorry. Gasquet-san is going to make fun of me so terribly

nowâ€|" Art groaned at the thought. "I'm flattered, Seiji-kun. I really amâ€|butâ€|" he trailed off, not really wanting to finish the now obvious message.

Kitazawa waved him off with a smile. He straightened up and said, "It's alright. I prepared myself for the possibility of a rejection. I'm not \_that \_arrogant," he teased, winking to dispel the tension.

Art laughed. "I don't think you can be considered arrogant in the least, Seiji-kun."

Kitazawa shook his head. "Clearly, you don't know me well enough, Art-san," he joked.

But for Art, this statement seemed to cease his laughter. He sighed. "Apparently I don't know anyone well enough, myself included."

The blond-haired man didn't know what to say in response to that, so a few moments passed in silence. Then he asked, "Do you have someone you like, Art-san?"

Art blinked at the question. "Noâ€|" he said slowly after a moment. "...I never thought about it."

"Someone you look forward to seeing each day? Someone who you can always turn to when things go wrong?"

A 'no' was on the tip of his lips, but it quickly died when the image of a certain redhead flashed in Art's mind. He smiled nervously. "Should you be asking me all this when I just turned you down a few minutes ago? Isn't itâ€|"

Kitazawa just smiled in return. "Nah. Like I said, I really like you, Art-san. And I know I was a real fluster-geek just now, but I'm ok. I bounce back pretty quickly. Don't worry. I'm not going to confess my \_undying love\_ for youâ€|haha that'd be awkwardâ€|It's nice, isn't it?"

Art nodded, a little confused. "I suppose? It's good you're notâ€|well, in love with me or anything," he rushed out the last part, a tad embarrassed at the idea of someone being \_in love\_ with \_him\_.

Kitazawa had the biggest shit-eating grin on his face. "No. I meantâ€|it's \_Nice\_, isn't it? You didn't say no to my previous question, Art-san. You were about to. I could tell. But you didn't. Remember I'm observant like that?" he pointed out gleefully.

Art paled. "What do you mean?" he asked a little unwillingly and pointlessly.

Kitazawa rolled his eyes good-naturedly. "Maybe you should talk to Senior Officer Gasquet. That old man is rolling from side pains due to laughter now, I'm sure. Come to think of it, now I have more reasons to attribute to that creepy grin of hisâ€|" he muttered a little unhappily. But he shook it off quickly enough. "Well. Break's over. See ya, superintendent! Maybe we can still grab coffee from time to time? You know, as friends?"



Art nodded numbly with a smile. "Of course."

Kitazawa grinned and tossed him a box. "That's for you. Let me know how it goes with your friend! Hopefully the next time we meet again, he won't have to try to kill me," he finished the last part with a half-nervous laughter.

And then he left.

Art had a lot to ponder.

\* \* \*

><p>A month later, Art had his first 'official' date with Nice.<p>

The entire police station knew about it, as Nice had waltzed right on in during lunch break with a giant bag of chinsukes imported straight from Okinawaâ€"something about making up for somethingâ€"and proceeded to declare that he needed their superintendent to come down right now because they were going on a 'date'.

Kitazawa had the biggest grin on his face that day, telling his co-workers that he had 'so totally called it'.

His coworkers all rolled their eyes and said they knew.

"What? What do you mean you all knew. Don't lie," Kitazawa scoffed a little disbelievingly.

Saneda, who was a couple of cubicles over, looked unimpressed. "Nice-san comes by the station and Art-san's office all the time. Sure, they weren't officially dating, but \_everyone\_ knew that they practically were."

Kitazawa blinked. "Waitâ€|how long has this been going on?"

"Since Art-san first transferred here, of course. Even though he's been told off, Nice-kun still never fails to visit all the time," Aida answered with a small smile.

Kitazawa gaped. "And by everyone knew this, you meantâ€|"

Fuji Sachiko smiled at him. "Everyone of course. You're not the only one with eyes. We know how attractive our dear superintendent is. Such a pity he was already taken from the very start, no one had a chance," the older woman sighed lamentingly.

Kitazawa winced. "Fuji-senpaiâ€|you realize you're kind of twice hisâ€"ow!" Aida kicked his shin before he could finish that sentence.

Fuji smiled dangerously. "You weren't making a comment on my age, of course, were you, Seiji-kun?"

"No," he answered meekly. Then he pouted. "If everyone knew, why did no one tell me? I spent a whole month chasing after himâ€|" he whined.

"It was entertaining," Fuji said simply. "Young love is so fleeting

yet precious," she commented dreamily.

"You seemed so sure of yourself. So much for being Mr. Observant, huh," Saneda shrugged. "Plus, it was very entertaining. Think of it as an initiation. Trust me, you weren't the only one who's had thoughts about 'soft shade of lilac'," he added with a snicker. A few others seemed to be in consensus with that remark. Some more solemn nods and some more humorous.

Kitazawa groaned. He hated the Senior Officer. And everyone in this office.

"Oh really? If that's the case, we'd better break up now, shouldn't we, Seiji?" Aida said, a little miffed from beside him.

Oops. Had he said that out loud?

Kitazawa grinned. "You know I love you," he teased back.

He was satisfied when Aida blushed.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Yokohama Police Station Company Gala<em>

The company gala was an annual event, during which all the employees of the company or police station gathered together for fancy dress-up, foods, networking and all in all, celebrating their successes, honoring individuals and remembering their losses.

In the past, Art had always come alone.

This year, he was marked for a plus-one.

Although, he was beginning to regret that decision.

"You actually confessed to Art?" Nice questioned, turning to face Kitazawa with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

The blond, who had completely forgotten that maybe, just maybe, Nice never actually knew about his little confession a few months back and happened to just bring it up as a joke in passing, gulped. "Ehâ€|Nice-kunâ€|" He backed away slowly, hands held in front of him defensively.

Nice glared and began to prowl towards him. "You bratâ€|I knew you had a thing for Artâ€|" Nobody bothered to cut in to tell him that everyone knew he had a thing for Art, except for Art himself. "â€|well, let me just make this clear. Artâ€|"

"â€|is standing right here and can speak for himself, thank you Nice." Art cut in smoothly with a charming smile in Kitazawa and Aida's direction and a withering glare of disapproval in Nice's.

"Butâ€|"

"No buts. Do we need to leave?"

"â€|he had a crush on you andâ€|"

"Keyword being 'had'. Seiji-kun is in a healthy relationship with Aida-kun now. Need I remind you what consists of a 'healthy relationship', Nice?" Art smiled darkly.

Nice pouted, but didn't argue. Untilâ€¦"Can I justâ€¦"

"No."

Nice gaped. "You didn't even hear my request! What if I justâ€¦"

"Well this crowd is lookin' lively as ever!" Gasquet cut in, joining the circle.

Nice moved to stand behind Art and hug him from behind. "Art, he's a pervert. We should leave."

Gasquet shot Nice an intimidating look. "Ha? What'd you say, kid?"

Art rolled his eyes and removed himself from Nice's embrace. "You're projecting. I think it's time for us to leave."

"What? Butâ€¦"

"What do you mean 'what'? You were the one who wanted to leave."

"Yeah, but now that you say you want to leaveâ€¦"

"Ohâ€¦so when \_I\_ say we should leave, suddenly we shouldn't?"

"â€¦noâ€¦I just meantâ€¦"

Gasquet watched the exchange from the side while shaking his head. He looked over to his side at Kitazawa and Aida. "You two aren't so stubborn and ridiculous are ya?"

Kitazawa smiled. "Nope. We're very happy with each other." He then placed a quick kiss on his partner's cheek. Aida blushed.

Gasquet rolled his eyes and sighed. "Oy veyâ€¦old married couple versus newlywedsâ€¦I'm not drunk enough for either."

Gasquet proceeded to get shit-faced the rest of the night.

\_~End\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>End notes: <strong>And that's all folks! Whew that was a long ride. Thank you for reading this story! As always, I'd love to hear feedback. Reviews are very much appreciated. :) Till next time!

End  
file.